

The Worst Thing You Ever Said (Was Nothing)

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The Worst Thing You Ever Said (Was Nothing)

by [Soliloquy3000](#)

Summary

Throughout his entire life, Peter Stark has been different from his brother and sister. His interests were always more focused in the arts, whereas the rest of his family was in the field of cold, hard facts. They were always uninterested with him, and never bothered to make time for him. The only person he had was his Uncle Bruce. Now, years later, Peter is very successful and an utter mess, driven by his family's cold, uncaring nature towards him. When he has to visit his family for a week, he knows it's not going to go well.

Luckily, he has the support of his friends, boyfriend and Uncle to help him push through. (Based very loosely on an Indian movie, Dear Zindagi). (Also any songs that I might use on here by Peter's band do not belong to me at all. I don't have that talent. I will put the name of the song along with who wrote it and a link to a yt vid if you want to hear what it sounds like in the end notes of each chapter.)

Notes

This is my first story, so please don't bash it too hard. Constructive criticism is appreciated, however. More tags may be added as the story goes on.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

When Peter got the letter from his parents, he knew things were going to go badly. The day had started normally enough. He'd woken up with Wade's arms around him, showered and had his usual morning coffee. Wade had gotten up about a half hour later and kissed him before getting ready himself. Peter had gone out to get the mail, and was rifling through it when one letter caught his eye. The stamp of the letter, to be precise. It was a Stark Industries stamp, and it was addressed to him.

Peter didn't know how to react. He hadn't spoken to anyone in his family ever since he had went to college. They had never tried to contact him, either, so it had worked for both sides. He put the rest of the mail down before opening the letter with slightly trembling fingers and read.

Dear Peter,

It's been so long since we last spoke. That was, what, the day you introduced us to your boyfriend? It was years ago, and we'd like to see how you turned out, what with your career choices and everything. We would like for you to stay at the tower for a week. Any week, you can pick.

Sincerely,

Mom and Dad

Peter knew for a fact that nothing good would come out of visiting his family. He'd just started getting better from the *incident*, and Wade had just taken out all the knives and razors from wherever he'd hid them. Nevertheless, he knew that while he should avoid them, he just wouldn't. He would always hope that they'd get better, and they'd always let him down. Even the letter had a tone of detachment, as though it had been written by JARVIS rather than his father himself.

Peter jumped a little when he felt arms wrap themselves around his waist, and a chin rest on his shoulder. He'd been so lost in thought that he hadn't noticed his boyfriend come up behind him. Wade read the letter, narrowing his eyes as he read who it was from. Then he pressed his lips to Peter's ear. "What are you gonna do, honey? You gonna visit?"

"I probably am. Just for a week. I have a vacation after the show we're putting on this week, so I might go during that." What could he say? Peter was a sucker for having his heart broken.

Peter could feel Wade's frown against his neck. "Do you want me to come?"

Peter smiled, before turning and pressing a kiss to Wade's cheek. "I think I need to do this alone."

Peter gently untangled himself from Wade's arms and kissed him goodbye before going out the door. He was a ballarino at the famous Emporium, along with his friend MJ. They both had been joined at the hip ever since grade school. They had both went to Juilliard together, and both worked at the same place as adults.

Once he made it to the Emporium, he ran inside and immidiately joined warm ups. He was only a few minutes late, so not many dirty looks were thrown his way. As he danced, MJ poked his side

subtly. He grinned and poked her back. Right before they started the dress rehearsal, he caught MJ and told her about his plans for the break. She frowned, but knew she could do nothing to talk Peter out of it.

When the actual show started, Peter could spot Wade and Harry sitting next to each other, both having their respective cameras out and recording to their heart's content. Peter shot a subtle wave at Wade, who beamed and waved back. And as they took their final bows, Peter knew that the next week would be an utter hell for him. Especially if his family was involved.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Peter's finally made it to Stark tower, and sees his family for the first time in years.

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone. Thank you all so much for the kudos and comments :) Here's the next chapter

"Daddy, Mommy!" Eight year old Peter cried out in excitement. Mommy and Daddy looked up and smiled at him. Not like they smiled at Harley and Morgan, but like the smiled at all the mean reporters.

It made Peter frown a little. He wasn't mean!

"What's up, Peter?" Daddy asked

"I have a dance performance this week. And..." he hoped they'd be as excited as they were with Harley's science fair. "You're invited!!"

Mommy and Daddy made weird faces. They didn't look very excited. "Sorry, buddy," Mommy said. "We have a meeting all of Friday."

Peter frowned. "All of Friday?"

Daddy nodded. "Yeah Peter."

Peter nodded solemnly. "Okay, but...promise you'll come to the next one."

Mommy sighed. It didn't sound playful, like how it did with Morgan, it sounded like she was tired. "We promise, okay? Now go to your room."

Peter pouted and went to his room. Daddy and Mommy were never like that with Harley and Morgan. They always went to their games, no matter what they had to cancel.

They never made it to the next dance recital. Or the one after that. Or the one after that.

After a while, Peter stopped telling them, and stopped looking for them in the audience.

oOo

"Thanks," Peter muttered to the cab driver as he got out, suitcase in tow. He took a look at the building he grew up in. Stark Tower was just as beautiful as he remembered it. He took a deep breath and walked to the door, pushing it open and walking inside.

"Hello, Master Peter," a voice greeted.

Peter smiled at that voice. He'd recognize it anywhere. "Hey, JAR, long time no see."

"Your Father is down in the lab. Would you like me to take you to him?"

Peter sighed discreetly. It was now or never. "Sure, JAR." He stepped into the elevator, still dragging his suitcase behind him and stared at the ceiling. He knew for a fact that this wouldn't end well. He braced himself. The elevator opened up to reveal his Dad, Tony Stark, in an old AC/DC shirt and jeans covered with oil stains, *Back In Black* blasting through the speakers. Dad looked up as the doors dinged, and had that half smile half grimace on his face that he got whenever he was reminded that Peter existed. Peter forced a thin smile on his face before walking out.

"Peter," his dad said, walking towards him. "It's been so long."

"It has, Dad," Peter muttered back, hoping that this greeting would end quickly so he could go and lock himself in his old room. Dad stopped in front of him and paused, seeming unsure of how to go on. Peter felt his hopes grow. Was he about to get a hug? His hopes immediately dissipated when his dad held his hand out for an impersonal hand shake. Peter suppressed a sigh and shook his Dad's hand, before excusing himself.

As he stepped into the elevator and told JARVIS to take him to his room, he didn't know why he felt so disappointed. He knew that their attitude towards him would never change, and that there was nothing he could do about it. The door opened on the penthouse, where he was assaulted with a pair of arms around him. "Petey!" Harley Stark, his older brother exclaimed. "Where the hell have you been?"

Peter laughed and hugged Harley back. "Here and there, Harls. You know me."

"Peter, you did not call me at all, you traitor!" a female voice accused playfully behind him, and he grinned before facing his sister, Morgan Stark.

"Sorry, Maguna. I've been busy," His sister was grinning widely.

"Missed you," she murmured, before walking to him and wrapping her arms around his shoulders. "Careful," she said when he went to hug her back. "I just painted my nails."

Peter gently untangled himself from her embrace, before telling them that he'd unpack first. As he walked upstairs, he paused when he heard the tell tale clacking of heels on the top floor. He took a deep breath before dragging his suitcase up to the top floor.

He saw his mother, Pepper Potts, walking around, looking for something. She looked up when he got there, and got the same smile Tony got whenever he looked at Peter. Peter forced his lips up, before walking towards her. "Hi Mom," Peter muttered.

She grit her teeth once, as though the sound of his voice pissed her off, before giving him a paparazzi ready smile. "Hello, Peter. Nice to see you. It's been a while."

"It really has, Mom." Peter murmured back before dragging his suitcase behind him. He pretended not to hear his mother mutter "Not long enough," under her breath.

Peter shut the door of his room before collapsing, pressing the heels of his hands to his eyes. He could already feel the need to cut, and he had only been at the house for about 15 minutes. Right when the urge became unbearable, he walked out of the room and to the elevator, where he directed

JARVIS to take him to another floor.

When the elevator door opened, a soft-spoken man with curly black hair and glasses looked up and smiled widely at him. "Peter!" his Uncle, Bruce Banner, exclaimed before hugging him. Peter hugged him back, pressing his head to Bruce's chest, letting himself relax for the first time since he entered the building. Bruce was the only real parental figure he'd ever had.

"Sorry if I'm interrupting something," Peter said when they broke apart.

"I'm never too busy for you, Peter," Bruce said with a kind smile. And that was true. Bruce had been the one to come to all the dance shows that his old ballet studio put on, and all the PTA meetings that his parents *never* had the time for (despite going to everything that had to do with Harley and Morgan).

Bruce's expression turned serious. "How have you been, Peter? For real. I've been worried about you ever since...." his voice trailed off. Peter knew that he was referring to The Incident.

Peter grimaced. "I'm better," he told Bruce after a few minutes. "I've been seeing a therapist, and she's been helping me a lot."

Bruce pursed his lips. "As happy as I am to see you, Peter, I don't think you should've come here. You know what your parents are like when it comes to you. And especially with you in this mental state, I don't think you're strong enough to see them."

Peter sighed sadly. "I know Bruce. What can I say? Every time I come here, I have such high hopes, and every time they're broken, and I'm left worse than I started off. I just can't stay away."

Bruce sighed. He knew how bad his nephew had it, since Tony and Pepper always acted as though they couldn't stand him. "Okay, Petey. Just promise you'll call me if you feel the urge to, you know, do things you'll regret."

Peter smiled, and hugged Bruce again. "I promise."

The moment was broken when JARVIS's voice sounded above. "Master Peter, Sir is requesting you go up for dinner."

Peter sighed. "Wish me luck," he said to Bruce before he got on the elevator and prayed that dinner wouldn't be too brutal.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Dinner with the seemingly perfect Stark family. What could go wrong?

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long. Thank you for all your comments and kudos, I appreciate all of them. Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Peter!” Tony yelled. “Come here right now!”

10 year old Peter Stark ran to where his father was standing, looking nervous. His father was holding his math test angrily. “Yeah, Dad?” he asked softly.

Tony brandished the test at Peter. “What is the grade on this?”

“It’s a B,” Peter mumbled nervously.

Tony scoffed, before shoving the test into Peter’s chest. “And you wonder why we prefer your brother and sister.”

Peter felt tears fill his eyes, and he turned around and sprinted back to his room.

Whenever Tony yelled at Harley and Morgan, Pepper would always go to comfort them. She’d knock on their doors, and she’d hold them while they cried.

She didn’t come in his room that night. Or the next. Or the next.

Eventually, Peter stopped listening for the knocks.

oOo

“And, you know, Harley was so calm up there facing all those reporters,” Tony gushed as they ate. Peter didn’t even bother nodding, he just looked at his plate intently.

“Morgan’s pretty good with them too, Tones,” Pepper said. Tony smiled at her.

“Of course she is. I love the both of you equally.” Peter winced a little when he heard that. *Forgot about me*, Peter thought to himself bitterly as he shoved another piece of chicken in his mouth. His stomach churned.

“And what about you, Peter? You look well,” Tony asked, looking at him for the first time in what

had to be at least an hour. "Are you doing okay? Do you have insurance..."

"I'm not homeless, if that's what you're asking. I live in a very nice apartment in Brooklyn with my boyfriend." Peter had to fight to keep those words sounding mild and steady. He was clutching his fork hard.

"You live together already?" Pepper asked, sounding derisive.

Peter felt rage boil over. He fought to keep himself from shouting, because that would get them nowhere. "We've dated for six years. Maybe our opinions differ, but it doesn't seem too soon to me."

The rest of dinner was spent in awkward silence. Peter felt relieved when he was able to excuse himself and flee to the refuge of his room.

Peter sat on his bed and exhaled harshly, pressing the heels of his hands to his eyes. Why couldn't he stay away? Why did he always come back whenever they asked?

Why did he enjoy having his heart broken?

oOo

"Babe, you know if you need me, I'm just a taxi away," Wade said. Peter smiled. He'd called his boyfriend when his panic had transformed into something else. Wade was always able to talk him down.

"Don't worry, I'm probably going to end up spamming your inbox with things like this over the next week."

Wade smiled. "Love you, Petey,"

"I love you, too." The phone beeped as the call ended.

Peter smiled. He really didn't deserve Wade, if he was being honest. Wade had put up with all of his bullshit, and there had been quite a bit of that.

Wade did say something wise, though. Tomorrow would be a new day. Maybe tomorrow would lead to better things. Peter remembered telling himself this exact sentence time after time when he was a teenager.

It was never true.

Tomorrow always found a way to be worse in his corner of Stark Tower.

Chapter End Notes

Do you guys think this would be better if Peter was Penny? Let me know in the comments :)

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

New day: new problems.

Chapter Notes

I'm suffering from slight writer's block, sorry. But I finally got all my ideas down in my head, and I'm ready to write. Thanks for bearing with me. Enjoy. Also, I decided to keep it Peter, but there will be a pregnancy, and pregnancy drama. Also, in this story Morgan is older than Peter, but younger than Harley. That's not going to make much of a difference in the story, but it will make this flashback make a bit more sense. Sorry about all the talk. Enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter was holding his acceptance letter in his hands, almost skipping over to his parents. He knew his Dad wanted Harley and Morgan to go to this college, MIT, and was immensely disappointed when they weren't accepted. Peter didn't understand what all the fuss was about. He decided to apply, and, to his surprise, he'd got in.

Peter hoped that his parents would be proud of him for once. That they'd look at him the way that they looked at his brother and sister. That for once in his life they'd be proud of him. "Dad," Peter said, smiling brightly as he saw his father working idly on a tablet. Tony took a deep breath, before fixing his son with a very plastic smile.

"Peter," he said through his teeth. "What do you need?"

"Well, I'm 18," Peter said. "And, you know, it's time for me to think about college, and stuff, you know? I applied - "

"Do what you want, Peter." Tony said as he went back to his tablet. "I don't care."

Peter paused, his expression going blank in shock. "You don't care?"

Tony didn't even look up when he said, "Peter, I tried to change you and push you in the right direction. You didn't go. So do what you want, I don't care."

Peter felt numb when he turned away and walked towards the bookshelf. Tears blurred his vision as he tucked his acceptance letter into a copy of The Merchant of Venice.

To this day, the acceptance letter was still there.

oOo

Morning didn't bring much relief for Peter. Not even there a full day and he already wanted to leave.

Peter sighed before getting up and getting ready to go on a jog. Vacations were no excuse to get out of shape! Especially for dancers.

He saw both his parents in the living room as he began to head out. He didn't try to greet them, and they didn't glance at him.

Once he was done with that, he'd promised his Uncle that he'd spend the day with him. He also had to see his therapist. He'd gotten better since the Incident. He didn't need to go once every day anymore. He only needed to go once every Wednesday.

"Peter," Harley called out as he walked in. "I'm giving a lecture down at ESU. You coming?"

"What time, Harls?" Peter knew better than to make promises.

"3"

Peter pursed his lips. "Can't Harley, sorry. Really important things to do at that time."

Harley clenched his jaw. "Figures," he muttered darkly as he shoved past Peter.

Peter felt guilt well up in him. But he knew that nothing good would come out of skipping his therapy. So he sucked it up and made his way to his room. Morgan was waiting for him in there, looking cold. Peter sighed discreetly.

"Why can't you come to Harley's speech?" Straight to the point, as always.

"Busy," was all Peter said as he dug around his suitcase for clothes.

Morgan scoffed. "And you wonder why Mom and Dad prefer us."

Peter didn't even bother turning as his sister waltzed out of his room.

It was nice to see that some things never changed.

oOo

After a very fun morning and afternoon hanging with his uncle, Peter had to go to therapy with Dr. Smith. He loved that woman, mostly because she didn't spout bullshit like the rest of his shrinks did. She also didn't mind when he accidentally referred to her as a shrink.

When he walked in holding two huge Starbucks coffees, he was greeted with a smile. He always liked the room that he did his therapy in. It was homey, and it felt like it was two friends casually talking, instead of a doctor and a sick person.

She smiled when she saw him. "This smile is for the coffee, just for the record," she said, though she was smirking. "Don't let it get to your head."

"Too late," Peter said with a smile.

Her smile quickly transformed into a frown. "Peter, your uncle called me. He told me you were visiting your parents."

Peter pursed his lips. "Yeah, I am."

Dr. Smith paused, before putting her hand over Peter's. "Can I tell you a story?" She didn't wait for an answer. "There was a little boy, who wanted to climb Mount Everest. He got an offer with a

bunch of Russians. Needless to say, he accepted. But, when they were doing their training exercises to prepare, the boy realized one very sad detail: he didn't speak Russian." Peter couldn't stop his giggle. Dr. Smith smiled at him, before resuming.. "When they were climbing, he went a little ahead of the group. And there was a lion behind him. The Russians tried to warn him, but he thought they were exclaiming on how far he had gone, and kept walking. The tiger ate him, and he died."

Peter tilted his head. "So the point of the story is that I shouldn't trust Russians?"

Dr. Smith laughed. "No, Peter. The point is that you shouldn't try to climb your Everest surrounded by strangers who you don't understand. You should be surrounded by people you consider family and friends."

oOo

"That was a wonderful speech you gave, Harley," Pepper said as they had dinner. Peter didn't even try to participate in the conversation, as he was never vital to it. No one even sat near him on the table, there was no way that they'd bother trying to say nice things to him.

"Thanks, Mom. I was so nervous, but I think I did okay in the end." Harley spoke proudly. They had been gushing about the speech for 15 minutes now. It must've been a hell of a speech. Peter was almost regretful about missing it, but he knew that his therapy was a lot more important than some speech about subjects he didn't care about.

"It would've been better if my brother was there, though," Harley muttered under his breath. Peter stiffened feeling anger begin boiling in his stomach.

"I told you, I had to do something important." Peter said quietly, speaking through his teeth.

"Honestly, Peter," said Tony in an offhand manner as he put his fork in his mouth. "I don't think it's fair of you to miss Harley's speech."

It wasn't fair? It wasn't fair????

Peter's rage exploded.

Chapter End Notes

I have no idea what people do at therapy, just for the record. This is what I think it should be like. Just for the record, I'm probably wrong, and it's most likely that none of this is medically accurate. Still, if you think you need help, you should get it, no matter what your therapist is like.

Blow up is next chapter. I'm sorry the time he spent with the Stark family was so brief, but I had no idea what else to have happen. I'll also go a bit more into Peter's relationship with other people, like Bruce, Wade, and MJ.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

The blowup! And a look into the Incident.

Chapter Notes

So sorry this took so long. I wasn't sure how exactly Peter was going to blow up, so I played around with a couple of different things. The best one was this. Enjoy! :)

"Petey!" Wade yelled with a smile. He had gotten off work early that day to surprise Peter. Normally he came home at about 7, but that day he got there at 6, and he wanted to go on a date.

Wade got scared when he got no response. "Peter?" he yelled again, fear seeping into his voice. Peter was normally at home by this time, maybe he just got held up. That's what Wade told himself as he made his way up the stairs to their bedroom. The door was cast wide open, and it looked completely normal. Wade almost turned around before he noticed a red streak on the ground. He ran in there, letting out a cry at the sight.

Peter's eyes were closed, and he was lying limp on the bathroom floor. His wrists were sliced open and there was a half empty bottle of pills next to him. "No," Wade said, too quiet to be heard. "No! Petey!" Wade fell to his knees and crawled over to Peter, pulling him into his arms. With one hand holding Peter, he grabbed his phone and fumbled to dial 911.

"911, what's your emergency?"

Wade choked on a sob. "Please, my boyfriend tried to kill himself."

Only then did he notice Peter's phone next to him. It was open to an article centered on the Stark family. Well, the four that were there. The headline was: The Inside Life of the Starks.

Throughout the entire article, no one said anything about a fifth.

oOo

"It's not fair," Peter repeated, as though trying the words out. "It's not fair," he repeated, putting emphasis on the fair, as though trying to see what way of saying it would sound right. "It's not fair," he said, his voice going down a notch, and rising steadily. By now, the rest of the Starks were staring at the youngest as though he'd lost his mind. He finally looked at all of them, fury clouding his normally placid eyes. "You want to have a conversation with me about what's fair? Fine, let's talk!"

The rest of the Starks sat still and utterly silent as Peter got up and started pacing, muttering *it's not fair* under breath. "Peter," Tony started, unsure of what he would say. He didn't need to say anything, because Peter immediately whirled on him.

"No," he said, his voice loud and clear. "I've been listening to you for my entire life. For once in your life, let me talk." Peter said, now positively yelling with rage. "Let me ask you something. Did you ever miss any of Harley or Morgan's science fairs, or soccer games, or whatever the hell it was they did back then? Did you miss a single one?" No one dared to respond. "No, you didn't. Both of you were present at all of them. You cancelled meetings, and actual important things just so you could be there, right?" Peter seemed to be waiting for a response.

Pepper nodded. "Cool," Peter said. "Now tell me something. Why did you never do the same for me? Why did you never show up to a dance performance? Why? And don't you dare say meetings when I know for a fact that you were more than willing to forgo them, so tell me again, why?"

No one said a word. Luckily, Peter wasn't waiting for an answer. "I'll tell you why, it's because you couldn't even be bothered to pretend that you enjoyed watching me dance. You didn't even have the decency to pretend that you were interested in what I was good at."

"Peter, please, it wasn't like that," Pepper tried to say, but was held up by Peter.

"Full offense intended, do not even let me get started on you, Mom? What kind of mother hates her own child? And don't you look at me like that," Peter added at the look of horror on Pepper's face. "You think I didn't hear how you wished I was gone for longer when I first got here? What kind of a mother do you think you are?"

"You know what, Mom and Dad, tell a couple things about your other children. What are their favorite colors? What are their favorite foods?"

Neither Pepper nor Tony said a thing. "Oh, come on," Peter scoffed. "Are you really trying to pretend that you don't know?"

"Morgan's favorite color is purple, and Harley's is gold," Pepper muttered quietly after a couple minutes.

"Harley's favorite food is peanut butter, and Morgan's is cheeseburgers," Tony added after a moment.

Peter turned to Harley and Morgan. "That true?" They both nodded mutely. "Cool. So since all of you are *so smart*, you just *had* to see this coming. What's my favorite color? What's my favorite food?"

No one said anything. Peter scoffed. "My favorite color is red, and my favorite food is sandwiches."

Peter took a step back, and squeezed the bridge of his nose. "Peter - " Tony started to say, but was cut off by Peter's voice.

"Screw superficial details, let's get personal. When's my birthday? When is the day that I decided to shove my head out of your vagina *Mother*?"

Pepper looked down at the table, not saying anything. Peter scoffed, before running his hands through his hair.

"You wanna know where I was this afternoon? Instead of Harley's life changing speech? Well, I was at therapy!" He paused at the shocked faces on his so called family. "And you wanna know why I was at therapy? I was there because I tried to kill myself a couple months ago." Peter didn't pause at the horrified looks on their faces. "And you wanna why I tried to do that? I read the article about our inside life. And throughout that entire article, no one speaks about a third child." Hurt

colored those words.

Guilt colored the eyes of everyone at that table. Peter pursed his lips. "If you thought that was surprising, then you're about to get a real nasty shock. You remember that school you wanted Harley and Morgan to get into? The one in Cambridge, I think? What was it called. . . ?"

"MIT" Tony muttered quietly.

"Yeah," Peter said. "That one. When it was time for me to apply for colleges, I decided to try to apply there. Personally I didn't understand what all the fuss was about." Peter stormed over to a bookshelf and pulled out the copy of *The Merchant of Venice*. "And guess what?" he asked as he flipped through. He grabbed something and slammed it in front of his dad. "I got in."

Tony picked up the acceptance letter with trembling fingers, scanning through it. "The day I tried to tell you, Dad, you basically told me that you thought I was a hopeless case and that my future would be useless."

"Why didn't you go?"

"Out of everything you could ask me, that's what you go with?" Peter asked incredulously. "I didn't go because I knew that if I did, I'd be damning myself to a life that I would hate. If I went there, trust me when I say this, my suicide attempt wouldn't've been an attempt."

No one said anything. Peter was still scowling. "You know what," he muttered, pulling out his checkbook and scribbled out a check for a million dollars, addressed to the Stark Family. He slammed it on the table. "A million dollars should be more than enough to cover the cost of raising me, right? Consider any extra money compensation for all your trouble."

"Peter," Pepper tried, but stopped when Peter whirled on her.

"I will be damned," he hissed. "If I ever owe you anything."

He walked away then, the elevator cheerily dinging behind him.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

The Stark's thoughts after Peter blew up on them. Paired with an appearance of Bruce and Wade.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry I forgot to put the trigger warning on the previous chapter. I hope I didn't trigger anyone.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter walked in, not meeting anyone's eyes. "Hi, this is the auditions for your band, right?"

A blonde guy with blonde hair smiled and walked up to him. "Yeah. You don't have to look down, we don't bite."

"I'm Peter."

The guy smirked a little. "Wade. Pleasure to meet you."

"Ugh, get a room," another guy yelled before walking up to them. He smiled at Peter as he got nearer. "I'm Ned. Hey, you know MJ, right?"

Peter's eyebrows shot up. "Yeah, she's the one that sent me here," he muttered.

"She's the lead female singer. We haven't actually sang anything because no one here has any ability to write," Harry said as he drew closer. "Good to see ya, Petey."

Peter grinned. "I write a little. Lyrics, I mean. I'm not good with instrumentals."

"Lucky for you, we are," Wade walked towards the piano. "Sing."

Their first song, One Life, was a hit.

For once in his life, Peter didn't find himself glancing at his phone in the hopes of a phone call from his family.

oOo

Tony Stark liked to think he was a good father. He came home everyday at six, he helped cook dinner, he talked to his kids. He liked to think that everyone in his household knew they were loved. He liked to think that he wasn't like his father.

He was obviously wrong. He thought that to himself as he sat at the table with his wife and two kids as his youngest son stormed to the elevator. Through the haze in his head, he thought that he

should go after Peter, stop him, but he couldn't bring himself to move. The check lay where Peter slammed it on the table, untouched. He finally got up and went upstairs, making his way to his youngest son's room. The so-called "family portraits" mocked him as he kept walking. How had he never noticed how much Peter looked like an outsider when he was surrounded by family?

He froze when he was outside the door. He carefully turned the doorknob, and let out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

The room looked less personal than the guest room. There were no posters on the wall, no personalized bed sheets, no pictures on the desk. Just a suitcase, not unpacked, in the corner of the room.

It looked like a stranger lived here.

Tony walked towards the closet. There was one of Peter's old jackets were in there. They still smelled like him. He didn't look up when Pepper walked in, when she did the same thing as him, and sat right next to him.

They sat, silently mourning the parents their son never got.

oOo

Peter's legs gave out as soon as the elevator door shut. He sank to his knees and pressed his face in his hands. He had no idea where the elevator was taking him, but he couldn't bring himself to care at that moment.

The door opened onto his Uncle's floor, and he stumbled to his feet and walked out shakily.

Bruce looked up when he saw him. "JARVIS told me what happened," he said before he wrapped his arms around Peter. Peter let out a choked sob as he and Bruce sank on a couch, Bruce rubbing his back soothingly.

"I want to go home," Peter muttered when he could speak again.

"We'll call Wade in the morning. It's the weekend, and he should be able to get you," Bruce murmured soothingly. Peter and Bruce stayed wrapped around each other, feeling safe in each other's embraces.

oOo

"Good for you, Petey," Wade said when Peter told him the story. "About time, honestly. Want me to come get you?"

"Yeah," Peter muttered quietly.

"Be there in 20. Love you!"

"Love you too."

Peter turned to look at Bruce. "My suitcase is still up there."

Bruce frowned. "You want me to go get it for you?"

Peter shook his head and smiled sadly. "No, I've got it."

Peter took a deep breath as he stepped in the elevator. He wondered how awkward it would be to

face his family now. *No more awkward than usual*, Peter thought ruefully.

When the elevator stopped, Peter was surprised to find that no one was in the living room. He tilted his head curiously as he made his way up the stairs. When he made it to his room, he was surprised to find his parents sitting there, holding his second favorite jacket. "I need my suitcase," he muttered as he went to grab it.

"Peter, wait," Tony said, his voice cracking as he grabbed Peter's arm. Peter paused, before turning to him.

"What?" he asked in his best MJ-I-don't-give-a-crap voice.

"Was it true, the thing you said about the suicide attempt?"

Peter's eyebrows rose behind his bangs. "Did I make up an attempt to take my own life? Are you actually asking me if I was lying about an attempt to take my own life?"

Tony winced. Peter scoffed.

"I'm leaving now."

"Peter, please," Pepper tried as she reached out to grab his wrist. "Please, let us talk."

"There's nothing to talk about. Because from this moment, we are no one to each other." Peter started to walk out of the room. "It's what you always wanted, right?"

The door's creaking almost seemed to mock them as Peter made his way out.

Chapter End Notes

The song by Peter's band is called "One Life" by Boyce Avenue. This is a link if you want to hear the song. It's one of my favorites.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Fv37OoyM-pw>

Also, I have no idea what to call Peter's band. Can y'all give me ideas for band names? The band consists of Peter, MJ, Wade, Harry and Ned. And the thing about the band is they all have questionable pasts. Jesus I need to add some more girls in there. Maybe Shuri can join the gang? Or Betty Brant? Let me know what you think!

i'm sorry this chapter was so anticlimactic. The next chapter will be more interesting, I promise :p

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Time for Wade to actually make an appearance.

Chapter Notes

Fair warning, the flashback is a lot longer than normal, and now that I reread it, I realize I should probably add a bit of context. It's Wade's first meeting with the Starks (and Bruce). I'm trying to show his opinion on the Starks, and highlight Peter and Bruce's relationship.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"You sure this is a good idea?" Wade asked as they made their way to Stark Tower. "I mean, from what I've heard, they're not going to react well when they see me as your boyfriend."

Peter sighed wearily. "They're not going to react at all. But they said they wanted to meet you,"

Wade pursed his lips, but was otherwise quiet.

Peter's breath stuttered as they made it to the entrance. Wade squeezed his hand reassuringly as they walked in.

Hello, Master Peter, a voice said from seemingly nowhere. Wade jumped when he heard it. Peter laughed softly.

"That's JARVIS," Peter said as he and Wade walked to the elevator. "He's my Dad's AI. JARVIS, this is Wade, my boyfriend."

A pleasure, Mr. Wilson JARVIS intoned back.

Wade squeezed Peter's hand again. "Come on, Petey-Pie, it won't be that bad."

Peter sighed a little and smiled and him sadly. "I know. That's exactly what I'm worried about."

Throughout the night, Wade grew more and more astonished at how the Starks acted. It was like Peter wasn't even related to them. They didn't even talk to him except to poke unfriendly fun at his career choices. Which made no sense. Peter made more than him, and he was an accountant for Oscorp. Wade watched Peter get more and more quiet as the night progressed. He not to say anything that would be too mean, but he couldn't keep his mouth shut when Pepper implied how Peter was a gold digger. "Excuse me for interrupting, Mrs. Stark," Wade said as he discreetly wrapped an arm around Peter's waist and squeezed reassuringly. "But Peter's salary exceeds mine. If anything, I'm the gold digger in the relationship."

He got up and pulled Peter along with them. "I think it's time for us to leave. Bye, everyone." He half pulled half dragged Peter out of the room.

"Jesus," he muttered as Peter pressed his face into his shoulder. "You lived with that everyday, for 18 years?"

"Yup," Peter muttered. "But I did spend most of my time on a different floor." The elevator opened up on a floor and a kindly, older man greeted them. Peter grinned for the first time since they entered the building and embraced him. "Wade," he said. "This is my Uncle Bruce. Uncle Bruce, this is my boyfriend, Wade."

Bruce turned to him, and the look on his face made Wade gulp. "Is that so? Well, Peter, I think I left my jacket in the bedroom, would you mind grabbing it?"

Peter sighed, but it wasn't sad like the elevator, it was fondly exasperated. "Uh, no, Petey, that's not necessary," Wade said hurriedly. "It's really warm in here and -"

"Now, please, Peter," Bruce said, his look less friendly, if possible. Peter shot Wade an apologetic smile before bounding off to the room.

Wade turned to Bruce warily. "You've seen how his family upstairs treats him, right?" Wade nodded mutely. "Good. So you know that they won't care if you break his heart. I hate it, but I can't do anything about it. But, you should probably know that someone in this house cares about him." Bruce was closer to his face. "And you should know that he will tear you apart limb by limb with his bare hands if that boy so much as sneezes because of you." Wade shivered and nodded. "Good," said Bruce as he leaned away.

"Uncle Bruce," Peter complained lightly as he came out of the bedroom.

He smiled at Peter, almost apologetically, but Wade could see the mirth in his eyes. "Sorry, buddy. But he had to hear it from someone."

Peter rolled his eyes, but couldn't stop the smile from spreading on his face. Wade couldn't stop his smile either.

At least Peter didn't grow up completely alone.

oOo

"Ready to go?" Wade asked as Peter grabbed his suitcases. Peter pursed his lips, and nodded.

"Good," Wade said. "I need to talk to Bruce here for a sec. Don't look at me like that," he said when Peter looked at him indignantly. "You know why."

"Fine," Peter muttered, almost sticking his lip out in a pout. "I'll put the suitcases in the car."

"How bad was it this time?" Wade asked when Peter was gone.

"Honestly, not as bad as it normally is," Bruce muttered back. "But considering how bad it is normally, that's not saying much."

Wade nodded, before suddenly smiling. Bruce was a bit taken aback by the sudden joy on his face. "Although this is important, the real reason I needed to talk to you was this," Wade dug around his pockets before pulling out a small box and showing it to Bruce. Bruce's eyes widened.

It was an engagement ring. It was simple, having a thin band and a small jewel on top, but was elegant and classy at the same time.

"You're gonna - "

Wade grinned. "Yeah, sometime soon," he said. "But I wanted to ask you for his hand in marriage."

"Me?" Bruce asked. "Why me?"

Wade's smile turned a little more soft. "I need to ask his father, and personally I don't think the bastard upstairs counts."

Bruce beamed, before adopting a sterner tone. "You may have his hand. But, once again, if you hurt him..." he left the threat hanging.

Wade shuddered before nodding happily. "I will try everyday to make sure he is the happiest he can be."

Just then, Peter walked in, looking a bit disgruntled. Wade shoved the box into his jacket pocket. "I left my jacket upstairs," Peter mumbled.

"I'll get it," Wade said, making his way to the elevator. He'd been itching for a chance to put Peter's so-called *family* in their places ever since that first dinner.

The elevator opened up to the penthouse without a word from JARVIS. Wade was too hyped up to hold a civil conversation. "Who are you?" A female voice demanded to his right. Wade turned and met the gaze of Morgan Stark. The rest of them were huddled together in the living room, and they looked at the elevator when the pleasant ding alerted them.

Wade couldn't stop the sneer from forming on his face. "Would've thought you recognized your son's future fiancé."

He could see the shock on their faces. "What?" he asked. "Surprised that little Petey is the first to fall in love? Can't say I'm surprised," he added, glancing at Harley. "Your other children aren't exactly looking for commitment, are they?"

"Fiancé?" Tony choked out, his eyes getting teary.

"Well, future fiancé, technically," he said as he casually went for the coat hanger on the other side of the room. "Just asked for his hand in marriage."

"You didn't ask me anything," Tony said, tilting his head in confusion.

Wade scoffed. "Do you really think I consider you Peter's father? Do any of you really think I consider you Peter's family?" He got no answer.

"If only people could see you now," Wade muttered.

"Do you know where he is?" Pepper asked. "Could you get him to talk to us?"

"Apparently you didn't understand it when Peter said it, so I'm going to state it clearly right now," Wade said, fighting to keep his voice down. "You are nothing to him. He owes absolutely nothing to you, and if you don't like that then you can go to hell. Neither of us really care."

Wade was about to enter the elevator, before he sighed and turned around. "You didn't see him, after he attempted suicide," he said quietly. Tony's head shot up, and Pepper pressed her face into her hands.

"He was lying there, in a pool of his own blood, with an empty bottle of pills next to him, and an

article about you all open on his phone. I," Wade's voice cracked, and he took a deep breath. "I still have nightmares about it."

No one did anything for a moment, before Wade rubbed his eyes once before sighing sadly and leaving. "If you ever gave a crap about Peter, you'll stay away. For him."

The elevator dinged, and the Starks collapsed.

Chapter End Notes

Do you think Bruce and Tony should be actual brothers, or should he just be a close family friend?

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

We get to meet the band, and see Peter take his life back in his hands. We also get to see the Starks try to mend the relationship. Key word: try.

Chapter Notes

So, I loved everyone's ideas for names a lot, but I'm calling the band Ideal Misfits. I'm also like 95% sure I got that from Glee, so I can't take any credits. Hope you enjoy! :). Also, @Darkraider46 gave me the idea for the confrontation, so I guess that's another thing I can't take full credit for. Hope I did them justice.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter was sitting in the hospital room, bored out of his mind. He hated being on suicide watch. He was almost never alone, only getting privacy when he went to the restroom. Wade was a constant presence; he'd forgone just holding Peter's hand to spooning Peter from behind, and Peter would be lying if he said he didn't enjoy the feeling. Wade also talked. A lot. Peter was grateful to not have to contribute to the conversation.

Peter had gotten flowers and consolations from the rest of the band members. Wade kept all of them in a big pile right in front of Peter, as if to remind Peter that there were people who cared if he died or not. The real gift caused Peter to shed a few tears.

Wade had left that morning, and hadn't come back until late evening with a big grin and a video to show Peter. It was the band. MJ had the microphone and started talking. Peter frowned in confusion. They didn't do introductions most of the time. "Hey everyone. Thank you all for watching. You've probably noticed that a member is missing today." MJ took a deep breath before continuing. "Peter had attempted to take his own life. Don't worry, he is in the hospital and is supposed to make a full recovery. This caused us to take a deeper look into Peter's songs, and we realized that his songs are made up of words that he needs to hear, but no one tells him. Well," MJ said, looking directly at the camera. "We're telling them to him right now."

The guitar started up in the background, and Peter paused at the unfamiliar tune. When MJ started singing, Peter's eyes widened. It was a song that he had been in the middle of writing. They must have went looking through his notebook. When the chorus hit, Peter started tearing up.

But if you ever fall down straight to the bottom

And you can't get back where you started

Any place any time

You gotta know for you I'll fight.

That song was what caused Peter to promise Wade he'd get better. That he'd go to therapy and he'd talk about what emotional scars his childhood had left.

Peter kept that promise to a T.

oOo

"So you finally went off at your parents," MJ said as Peter and Wade recounted the story.

"Good for you, Peter," Ned said cheerfully as he polished his drumsticks. "From what I've heard, they've been asking for it."

"They're dicks, and they earned it," Shuri agreed, sitting next to MJ.

"More good came out of last night," Peter said as he grabbed his notebook and opened up what he'd been writing in the car. "Wrote a song on the way back. It's a two hour drive."

"Let me see," MJ said as she grabbed the notebook, batting off Betty's fingers. Harry went behind to read it. It was called Thank You, and all of the members could practically picture Peter spitting the words out to his family.

Wade grinned at Peter. "I thought the song was a pretty good way to tell your parents to go to hell." Peter laughed a bit.

"I already have an idea for the drum work," Ned murmured as he made his way to the drumset in the back.

Harry and Betty were making their way to the two guitars, exchanging fingering patterns to each other. Wade kissed Peter before going to the keyboard, and MJ started talking about how they would sing it.

It took them a week to put the song together. It became an overnight sensation. Almost every radio played it. Including the one Tony Stark liked listening to the morning he and Pepper Stark drove up the Peter's house.

oOo

Tony wasn't sure what to do when he heard Peter's outburst. He genuinely hadn't noticed how badly he was neglecting his youngest son, and to have it pointed out like that was a hell of a wake up call.

All he wanted was to not be like his Dad. To make sure that his kids knew how much he loved them, and how proud of them he was. Yet, Tony realized that he was exactly like Howard was towards Peter. How did he not know when his son's birthday was? He could forgive himself for the other two, but the birthday?

Tony thought all this as he drove through the streets of Manhattan down to Brooklyn. Peter hadn't picked up a single one of his calls, and he needed to talk to Peter in order to make it right. He knew exactly what he was going to do. Pepper was next to him. She knew she hadn't even been close to the mother that Peter deserved. She had done nothing but neglect him for his entire life. She needed to make things right. Tony's plan was near foolproof. Peter would accept, and they'd spoil him rotten the way they should've when he was a kid.

They both started when they heard Peter's voice on the radio. Tony hesitantly turned up the volume.

We are the ones, the ones you left behind

Don't tell us how, tell us how to live our lives

Ten million strong, we're breaking all the rules

Thank you for nothing, 'cause there's nothing left to lose

Tony and Pepper sat completely still for the entire song, practically seeing Peter in front of them yelling the words. The words of breaking and being tied and breaking free. "He wrote that," Tony mumbled. "About us." Pepper nodded.

They finally pulled up at Peter's house. It wasn't particularly big, but it looked warm and homey. Tony and Pepper made their way to the door and rang the doorbell. "Coming," Peter yelled as the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps came from the house. Peter opened the door, and grit his teeth when he saw who it was. "What are you doing here?" he asked to his teeth.

"Can we come in," Pepper asked hesitantly. Peter sighed and moved out of the way. They made their way inside, and the house was as homey as it looked from the outside. Peter didn't let them go anymore in the house. "What do you want?"

Tony reached into his pockets and pulled out a check. He handed it to Peter. Peter stared at it for a long time. Then, he started laughing. "I'm sorry," Peter managed to wheeze out. "Are you trying to *buy my love*?"

"This is compensation for your childhood," Tony said.

Peter was torn between laughing or scoffing. He settled for crossing his arms and glaring. "You put a price tag on my love. I don't think you realize what you're trying to do, so I'll say it again. You put a *price tag* on my *love*. Please tell me you didn't think this was going to go anywhere. For the sake of your sanity."

They said nothing.

"Well," Peter said with forced nonchalance. "It's good to see that you think my love only costs two million dollars. All I can say is this." Peter tore the check into shreds before tossing them to the floor.

Tony felt his own temper rising. "Looks like you got your cockiness from me."

Peter let out a scoff. "No, you wanna know what I got from you? I got a bunch of excuses and a price tag on my love!"

"Peter that's enough," Pepper said slowly. He whirled on her.

"No, shut up! Did you seriously think this attempt to *buy my love* would actually work? You both obviously think I'm some kind of gold digger, and let me set you straight, that check is less than my monthly salary!" Peter was shouting at this point.

"You done?" Tony asked. Peter was about to say more, but Tony cut him off, his own temper flaring beyond control. "You know what my worst mistake was? Giving you the last name Stark," he sputtered angrily.

Peter smirked at him. "You won't have to worry about that for too long," Peter said smugly before whipping out his hand and showing off the ring resting on his left ring finger. Pepper and Tony

gaped. "My last name will be Wilson soon."

Peter took a step back and sighed. "Can you both do something for me?" He didn't wait for a reply. "Write me out of your wills. Because, and I'm being completely honest here, I won't mourn for you. If anything, I'll feel grateful. I probably won't show at your funerals."

Peter sighed heavily. "You're nothing to me."

He walked in the house.

Tony and Pepper didn't follow.

Chapter End Notes

So for band positions - Wade is on piano/keyboard, Ned is drums, Harry and Betty are guitar, and Peter and MJ are both m/f lead singers as well as the occasional miscellaneous instrument. Shuri plays bass. I was told by @SnowFlakeWrites that a band should have a bass, and we both agreed that a bass was perfect for Shuri. Let me know if you want anything to change!

The song at the beginning is called "I'll Fight" by Daughtry. This is a link in case you want to hear it: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oB9XLv77A8g>

The song Peter wrote on the two hour drive back is called "Thank You" by MKTO. This is a link if you would like to hear it <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kODS-Qw297k>

Just for the record I know nothing about the process of song writing. I also know nothing about the distances between cities in New York.

Also I'm so sorry I skipped over the proposal, I know you were looking forward to it. When I finish with this story I might write a stand-alone of it.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Bachelor party! With some surprise guests. For both grooms

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Peter and Wade were at dinner at a posh, high class restaurant. Neither looked like they were having too much fun, though. All conversation seemed forced. Peter finally snapped, deciding to do what his therapist told him to do. "I'm sorry," he said. "I can't do this anymore."

Wade nearly dropped his fork in shock. "Are you breaking up with me?"

"What? No!" Peter exclaimed. "I love you. Why would I do that?"

"Sorry," Wade said, pressing a hand to his heart briefly. "It's just that when your boyfriend says he can't do this anymore, normally that means he's breaking up with you."

"Oh," Peter said. "Sorry about that. I meant this," he said waving his arms around energetically. "This isn't me at all. This is my biological family. I hate this. It reminds me of them."

Wade stared, dumbfounded. "I thought you liked them," was what he managed to say.

Peter was just as dumbfounded. "I thought you liked them."

They stared for another minute, then burst out laughing. "We're idiots," Peter choked out.

"Come on," said Wade, grabbing a wad of cash and leaving it on the table. "Let's go do something we actually enjoy."

They ended up going to a Broadway musical. Wicked, to be precise. From their, they found a carnival on their way back, and had fun loosing the obviously rigged games.

By the time they got home, they were beaming from ear to ear. "I will admit," Peter murmured when he and Wade were cuddled up in bed. "I will miss stealing your food."

Wade snorted. "And I'll admit that I'll miss pretending not to notice you stealing my food." Peter tried to pout, but was still smiling widely.

That was the best night of their lives, according to Peter and Wade.

oOo

"Ready to go?" MJ asked as she, Betty and Shuri waited for Peter to get ready.

"Just a second," Peter yelled back. He finally emerged, wearing jeans and a white shirt with a leather jacket.

"Sharp," Shuri said approvingly. "Let's move it, people!"

They walked through the living room, where Wade was with Harry and Ned. Wade had named Harry as his best man, and Peter had named MJ as his. They'd both planned out the grooms' bachelor parties at different bars. Peter and Wade were both excited, if not a little nervous of how overenthusiastic their friends got after a couple drinks.

Peter grinned when he saw Wade, and moved to peck him on the lips. "Have fun," Peter said when they broke apart.

"You too, Baby Boy," Wade answered.

Peter and the girls took off to the Ace of Clubs while Wade's group went off to the Corrado Italian Bistro. They both were promised a good time.

Of course, they should've known that the Starks would brew up trouble.

oOo

Tony and Pepper were depressed ever since their misguided attempt to make things up with their youngest son. Once they looked at it from a distance, and when Bruce yelled at them, they realized how wrong it was to try and give Peter money to make him love them.

Harley and Morgan were really upset too. They didn't realize how bad they treated their little brother until he was gone. They demanded he come to all their big events, but never showed up to one of his. What kind of siblings were they?

Harley needed to forget. He found a nice Bistro in Brooklyn, where he could drink all he wanted. "Where are you going?" Morgan asked as he started going out.

"I need to drink," he muttered.

"Me too," Morgan sighed. "Can I come?"

They both piled in one of their father's many cars and drove off. They flipped a coin on who would be designated driver. Morgan lost.

They both pulled up and were seated almost the second they entered, because everyone knew who Morgan and Harley Stark were. They placed their orders, and sat, not speaking, for a while. Then Morgan looked up and gasped. Harley looked up too, and was startled by what he saw.

It was Peter's fiancé. He was with two other guys, and they all were talking and laughing. One of them got up to get a drink and locked eyes with them. His eyes widened, and he went quickly and sat down. When Wade went to the bathroom, he whispered in the other guy's ear before pointing at them. Both guys glanced at him, one looking shocked, the other looking mad.

For once in their lives, Morgan and Harley weren't sure what to do.

oOo

Ned started when he saw Harley and Morgan Stark sitting at a table, staring at Wade. Then he cursed and half ran back. Harry and Wade stared at him. "You good, man?" Wade asked.

Ned laughed nervously. "Of course I am. Let's drink," he said, half slamming the beers on the table.

Wade laughed. "I think you drank a bit at the bar, Ned. Be right back," he said, walking towards

the bathroom. Once he was gone, Ned practically lunged at Harry.

"We have a problem," Ned hissed. Harry looked confused.

"What?" he hissed back. Ned pointed at Peter's brother and sister. Harry looked at them, and cursed under his breath. "You've got to be shitting me," Harry grumbled. Wade came back, and the two smiled quickly.

"Are you guys okay?" he asked, discreetly checking the amount of alcohol left on the table. Just then a man and a woman sat down at their table, effectively crushing Ned and Harry's plan of just ignoring them.

"Let us buy you another round," Morgan said, sugary sweet.

Wade looked outraged at this. "What the hell are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Can't a guy and a girl get to know their future brother-in-law?" Harley asked rhetorically.

Wade looked baffled. Then he looked furious. "Did your parents send you?"

"Nope," Morgan answered.

Harry and Ned grabbed Wade's arms as he made to lunge at them. "Since you apparently didn't get the memo, I get the *pleasure* of saying it again," Wade sneered. "Peter is nothing to you. Absolutely *nothing*. You were never there for him before, so do the both of us a favor and don't start now."

The Stark siblings looked surprised for a second, before they both looked smug. "Do you really think we believe that Peter can stay away from our family fortune for that long. He needs to pay for that wedding somehow," Morgan sneered back.

Now Ned was getting upset. "What the hell are you trying to say?"

"Peter really can't get that much from prancing around in a tutu," Harley said derisively.

"Okay," Harry said, pressing the bridge of his nose. "Let's all just calm down - "

"Are you crazy?" Wade demanded. "They just called my future husband a gold digger!" He whirled on them. "I said this once, and I'll say it again. Peter makes more money than me, and I'm an account for his dad's company," Wade said, pointing at Harry. "The amount that your parents gave him doesn't even come *close* to his monthly salary."

He got up. "You know what, screw this," he said as Wade and Harry followed suit. "It's not worth it," he said to Wade.

"I know," Wade muttered as they made their way out of the Bistro. "Dammit," he muttered as they went to the car. "They ruin everything."

Harry sighed, and rubbed Wade's back comfortingly. "Don't worry," he said. "They'll give up eventually."

"They better," Wade said darkly as they piled in and drove to a close by bar to drown their sorrows.

oOo

Peter's party was going better. He had a cocktail in his hand and was talking energetically to the

girls as the waiters gave them their food. No unwanted guests had showed up yet, but Peter kept his eyes open. They had just started talking about dresses and themes for the wedding. Peter had and Wade were looking for good locations, but they just wanted to be together. They would be perfectly happy having the wedding in their house.

The three girls had just went to the bathroom to readjust their make up. Peter sipped his drink and carefully scanned the bar for unwanted visitors. Mainly family members.

His parents had been calling him nonstop ever since he'd rejected their offer. That had went on for a week, until Peter told them that either they stopped or he called the cops and got a restraining order. Shuri's brother worked at NYPD, so that would be pretty easy to have done.

He hadn't heard anything from his siblings. He was oddly grateful for that. He had just relaxed when a man and woman approached them. "Mind if we sit here," the man asked kindly.

Peter's jaw slackened in shock.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry that I made Peter go out with the girls. Not that he's not close with the guys, I just picture him as more of the female of the relationship. Not that he's not a badass. Honestly, I think I should rethink the whole Peter/Penny situation. Let me know if your opinions changed on that. Keep in mind that there will be a pregnancy regardless of the gender.

Also do you think it would be cool if the people Peter saw at the restaurant were Howard and Maria Stark, who actually aren't as bad as Tony portrays them? And they actually really like Peter, and show up at his wedding and kick Tony's ass verbally? It's either going to be them, or Steve and Natasha, who are Tony's estranged friends, and maybe are also uncle and aunt, and are as fond of Peter as Bruce is. Let me know what you would prefer in the comments.

Also, just for the record, none of the restaurants in the chapter are real, I think. They're fictional and are from shows I watch. Peter's restaurant is from Smallville, and Wade's bistro is from Arrow. I watch DC shows, I feel like a traitor :('

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

We find out who the mystery guest is..... :). And they mail out the wedding invitations. Some people aren't invited.

Chapter Notes

So sorry I'm late, I've been really busy with stuff (I know that's an ironic statement considering the situation), but I am back and kickin'. Hope you enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Howard and Maria Stark smiled a little tightly when they saw their first two grandchildren. Harley and Morgan were two spitfires, if not a little (very) bratty. Once they were done boasting about themselves, and once they settled down, Howard and Maria made their way to their guest room. They paused when they heard soft piano music, and followed where it was coming from.

It was their third grandson, Peter, twirling around to the music. Howard and Maria couldn't tear their eyes away. He was only nine, yet he was so graceful, and mesmerizing.

Peter turned to the door at that moment, and let out a loud yelp. He tumbled to the floor, all grace lost, and Howard and Maria couldn't hold back their laughs. "Hi, Peter," Maria said as she made her way over to him. "That was beautiful."

"Thanks, Nonna," Peter said, smiling shyly. His gaze went to Howard, and he gave him a shy wave. "Hi, Gramps."

Peter was the only one allowed to call Howard 'Gramps'. Howard grinned, and made his way to where Peter was lying listlessly on the floor. "Your performance will be lovely. I'm surprised your parents haven't sent me any videos."

Peter pursed his lips, and looked like he was holding back tears. "No one comes to my dance recitals."

Howard and Maria looked at each other and frowned, knowing how much that must've hurt their favorite grandson.

"When is it?" Howard asked.

"I'm not supposed to talk about useless things in the house," Peter mumbled, looking down to his feet.

"Who said it's useless, Peter?" Maria asked gently.

"Dad," he answered, peeking at them through his lashes.

Howard felt as though that was his fault. He had been strict with Tony, but he had no idea it would stem to Tony being nearly emotionally abusive to his second son.

"We'll come, Peter," Howard said, wrapping an arm around the boy's shoulders. "I'll even buy you ice cream after."

"Really?" Peter asked, turning his big, brown, bambi eyes on him.

"Really," he assured.

Howard and Maria always went to Peter's performances, and always bought Peter ice cream when they were done.

Even when Tony forced them away from the rest of his family, they still made sure their third grandchild knew he wasn't alone.

oOo

"Gramps? Nonna?" Peter asked, looking utterly astonished as Howard and Maria took the seats his friends were previously occupying. "What - how...?"

Howard chuckled as he sat down. "I heard certain someone finally stood up for themselves." He smiled at Peter proudly. "It was about damn time, Pete."

"Wait, you're not upset that I...." Peter thought they would've taken Tony's side, considering he was their son and all.

Maria smiled at him. "Bambino, they've been asking for it for years."

Peter smiled at them shyly. "Thank you for understanding," he said softly.

Maria suddenly gasped and grabbed his left hand. Peter instantly started blushing. "Oh, Peter, you're engaged? That's so nice!" Maria practically squealed.

Peter smiled bashfully. "Yeah, I am. This is actually my bachelor party."

Howard was also smiling, but there was something misty in his eyes. "Who do I need to threaten?" he asked gruffly.

Peter smiled at him. "Uncle Bruce already did that. You don't have to worry."

Just then, MJ came back, pausing when she saw Howard and Maria. MJ had met them when they were kids, and had even gone with them on their post-performance ice cream trips. She grinned widely. This is why she had appointed herself as Peter's best (wo)man.

"Like my surprise, Petey?" MJ asked, smirking as Peter shot her a startled look. "Why do you think I didn't drag you to a strip club?"

Peter's blush intensified. "Because I'm not into that thing," he mumbled, though his lips were twitching to hide the big smile threatening to burst on his face.

He had a good time that night.

oOo

"So let me get this straight," Wade said as he and Peter were snuggled up in bed. "MJ got your

grandparents to show up at your bachelor party."

"And let me get this straight," Peter responded. "My brother and sister showed up and ruined yours."

"They're assholes, hun," Wade answered, pressing his lips to Peter's temple.

"Would you feel too pissed if I invited my grandparents to the wedding?" Peter murmured, half asleep.

"It's our wedding, Petey-pie," Wade said back. "Invite whoever you want."

oOo

By the next week, everyone had received their wedding invites. Everyone who was invited, anyways. Peter and Wade's self appointed wedding planner, Betty, had made sure that the invites went out early to ensure RSVPs. Bruce put the invitation on the fridge with a magnet. He had another three months to get ready for it.

Peter had specifically asked for him to not tell the rest of his family about the wedding. He didn't want them to show up, and Bruce agreed that he had every right to not want that.

That never stopped Tony Stark, though.

When he barged into Bruce's floor a couple days later, Bruce had completely forgot about where he put the invitation. He remembered when he heard Tony's gasp of outrage when he saw Bruce's fridge.

"Peter invited you to his wedding?" Tony asked hoarsely.

Bruce nodded.

"He didn't invite us?" Tony sounded almost hurt.

"Yeah," Bruce answered. "And he has every right to not to."

Tony wasn't listening. "I need to talk to him," Tony muttered, before grabbing the invitation and running off to his floor.

Bruce sighed tiredly, before grabbing his phone and warning Peter that he was about to be ambushed.

Peter picked up on the third dial. "Hey, Uncle Bruce," He said, his voice an octave higher than normal. "What's up?"

"I don't even want to know what you two are doing, but I thought you should be aware that your father found my wedding invitation."

"Wait, what?" Peter said, sounding a bit more normal.

"He'll be at your place soon. Sorry, Pete," Bruce said apologetically.

Peter sighed. "They were gonna find out eventually," Peter muttered. "Might as well get it over with."

They bid their goodbyes before hanging up.

Bruce hoped Tony didn't make it worse.

oOo

Peter and Wade were cuddling, only half paying attention to the movie they were watching. "How bad d'you think it'll be?" Peter asked after a few minutes.

Wade pursed his lips. "Pretty bad," was all he could say.

A couple minutes later, their doorbell rang. Peter shot Wade a *wish-me-luck* face before going to answer. Sure enough, it was Tony Stark, in all his Stark glory, holding Bruce's wedding invitation in his left hand.

"Can I help you?" Peter asked.

"You're having a wedding?" was all Tony said.

"Yeah, we are," said Wade, also making his way to the door. He sneered at Tony when they locked eyes.

"Oh, I get it," said Tony, looking suddenly relieved. "The postal service sucks."

Peter and Wade looked at each other, confusion on their faces. "What?" Peter finally asked.

Tony looked at him as though he was the stupid one. "Our invitation got lost in the mail, obviously."

Wade looked at Peter incredulously. Peter winced a little before looking at his dad. "You're wedding invitation didn't get lost in the mail," Peter said, sounding physically pained.

Tony looked confused. "What does that mean?"

Peter groaned a little under his breath. "I really don't want to say it."

"I will," Wade immediately spoke up. "You're not invited, jackass."

"I would've phrased it differently, but yeah, you're not invited."

Wade nudged Peter. "Jackass," Peter added, grinning a little.

"What?" Was all Tony was able to manage.

"Clearly, no one over there is able to understand the fact that you are nothing to me," Peter said.
"So I'll say it again. You are **nothing** to me."

"Then who'll walk you down the aisle?" Tony asked, sounding close to tears.

Peter didn't care. "I don't know, maybe Uncle Bruce. Maybe Gramps. Maybe even MJ. I don't really care, as long as it's not any of you."

Peter decided he had enough, and walked in the house, leaving Wade and Tony staring at each other.

"Make sure the neighbors don't see you on you're way out," was all Wade said as he began to close the door. "They do love their gossip."

Wade didn't say anything else. He didn't need to.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry about the huge time skip in the middle, going straight from the bachelor party to the wedding invites, but there was nothing for me to do in the middle :)

Who do you think should walk Peter down the isle? Bruce or Howard?

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

The wedding!!! And its crashers

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry that I keep skipping around. I just have nothing to do in between the whole invitation thing and the wedding. I've never written a wedding type thing, so feel free to tell me if it sucks or if I need to change anything. I'm basing all this on my knowledge off of what I've seen in shows, so idk if it's fully accurate.

TW for implied self harm, and allusions to smut (no actual, I can't write that)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter and Wade stumbled through the hotel room, kissing passionately. After months of dancing around each other, they had finally gotten together, and were finally going to spend a night together.

"Peter, you're so beautiful!" Wade murmured as he and Peter collapsed into the bed.

"So are you," Peter mumbled back, gasping as Wade bit into his neck gently.

The minute Peter pulled his jacket off, Wade gasped at what he saw. Thin scars lined his wrists, too precise to be considered accidental.

"I was pretty depressed as a teenager," Peter muttered. "My family wasn't particularly supportive."

Wade took Peter's forearm and gently kissed each scar. "I love you just the way you are. Even with the whole depression. Not that I want you to be depressed, of course," Wade tacked on hastily, smiling softly when he heard Peter giggle.

"My family wasn't too supportive, either" He murmured after a moment of silence. "I joined the band and found out I didn't need them. I had everything I needed right there."

Peter tilted his head. "We can be each other's family."

Wade smiled and kissed him again. "I'd like that."

oOo

"Peter!" MJ yelled as she stormed into the changing room. Ned was helping him with his tie, and the both were chattering excitedly.

"Yes, MJ," Peter said innocently as Ned giggled through his fist.

"Did you and Ned eat all the brownies? Again?" MJ was really trying to keep her cool, but the damn boy made it so hard.

"Noooooo," Ned drawled, before the two collapsed into giggles.

"C'mon MJ, it's my wedding day! I can do what I want." Peter said as he and Ned went back to fixing ties.

MJ watched them struggle, before sighing, exasperated, and storming towards them. "Here, let me," she said gruffly, and did the tie without a hitch. She brushed off imaginary lint and smiled at Peter. "You made it," she said softly.

"I did," he answered, unable to stop his eyes from watering. MJ wiped them away with her thumb.

"Betty might come in here to yell at you," she said after clearing her throat.

Peter laughed softly as MJ made her way out, smiling when she turned around.

MJ took pride in being Peter's oldest friend. They'd met when they had been four, and they both had been in ballet lessons for the first time. It had started off as childish competition, but stemmed off into friendship. She knew about Peter's family, and how they treated their son. So you could imagine her rage when she looked at the guests just arriving and saw the Starks entering.

oOo

"His wedding's today." Tony said as he, Pepper, Harley and Morgan sat together. They had been under strain as the realization of how they treated their youngest son or brother slapped them in the face. "He said he didn't want us there."

"We should go anyways. He's confused, he doesn't know what he wants considering us." Morgan declared.

"You're right, Mo," Harley said as he got up and began going towards his room. "Come on, guys, we've got a wedding to crash."

Once the Starks were ready, they went straight to Bruce's floor. He was already gone, but he still had the invitation stuck on the fridge. "It's at the King's Chapel." Pepper said as she read the note. Her heart throbbed at the thought of Peter changing his last name in order to get away from them.

When they got there, Tony, Pepper, Harley and Morgan were surprised at how many people showed up. They didn't know how popular both Peter and Wade were. They saw Bruce walking towards the back rooms, where the grooms were no doubt getting ready.

Tony started when he saw his parents walk through the door. He'd forbidden them from talking to his children ever since they pointed out how he had favored his first two children compared to the third. He and his Dad locked eyes, before Howard wrapped an arm around Maria and led them to their seats.

"What do you think you're doing here?" A woman asked from behind them. They turned to see Peter's friend MJ standing there, looking vaguely disgusted.

"We want to see our son's wedding." Pepper finally said after a moment.

MJ looked incredulous, before her expression darkened into rage. "How dare you show up at this wedding, and how dare you call Peter your son." Something on her wrist beeped, and she took a deep breath and shot them a final glare. "Just stay in the back, and don't cause a scene. Cause I will throw hands if you do." She walked away, her heels clicking.

The Starks took a seat in the back, where no one else was sitting, and prayed that Peter would speak to them.

oOo

"Wade," MJ said as she knocked on the door where Harry was helping him get ready. "We have a problem."

"The 'cake is the wrong flavor' kind or the 'Peter's biological family is here' kind?" Wade said trying to make a joke. The grimace on MJ's face told him everything. "They're here?" MJ nodded.

"Shit," Wade muttered, running a hand through his hair. "Well, we have three minutes until the ceremony starts, so just make sure they don't cause a scene."

"I already did," said MJ, smirking. "I'm best woman for a reason."

"It's time," Harry said, checking his watch. "Hey, man," said Harry, grabbing Wade's shoulders. "Everything will be perfect. Don't let Peters so called family ruin another thing for him."

Wade nodded, squeezing Harry's hand. "Thanks"

With a deep breath, Wade went out to officially tie the knot with the love of his life.

oOo

"So, Peter," Wade said as they posed for pictures. "We had a bit of a sitch earlier, and I didn't tell you because I was afraid you'd be extra worried."

"What happened, Wade?" Peter asked, wrapping his arms around Wade and laying his head on Wade's shoulder.

Wade has spotted them the minute he entered the wedding hall. He'd ignored the feeling of their eyes burning in the back of his head as he and Betty walked down the aisle. Wade bit his lip.
"You're family came,"

Peter froze. Then he sighed wearily. "Who cares anymore, Wade? They've completely ruined almost everything in my life before, and I'll be damned if I let them ruin my wedding."

Wade gaped. "MJ said almost the very same thing."

Peter grinned, then hugged Wade tighter. "She is a very smart girl."

The dinner went on without a hitch. Peter noticed familiar pairs of eyes looking at him, but he point blank refused to acknowledge them. The rest of Peter's friends real family was informed too, and they made sure to shoot scathing glares at them whenever they could.

MJ and the rest of the gang had prepared a huge video of their relationship, consisting of: "Everything from dance performances, to days in the hospital, to birthday celebrations." MJ gestured at a screen behind her with a flourish. "By the way, Peter's birthday is on August 10th, for those of those in the audience who aren't aware of that." She looked right at Pepper Stark as she said that.

The video brought the couple to tears, and the band's next surprise only amplified the feeling. "Now, Peter and Wade here were gonna get a band over here." Ned said, grinning widely. "But we point blank refuses to let that happen."

"I mean," Harry added, grabbing a microphone. "What's the point of being part of a famous band if they can't play at the wedding."

Shuri stole the microphone from Ned, ignoring his offended squawk. "Peter, Wade, I have no doubt that the two of you will paint the town green."

Trumpet music started in the background somewhere, and Peter and Wade couldn't stop their smiles from nearly splitting their faces apart.

The chorus was particularly

Just like home

Let's color the streets like our own

Let's make this place feel like our own

If it's just you and me

It's alright

Cause tonight

We gonna paint the town green

Peter and Wade ended up on the dance floor in each other's arms, laughing quietly and blinking tears out of their faces.

They spent the entire night dancing. With friends, with family, with the people who actually cared. Peter could feel his family's eyes on him the entire time. He couldn't help but feel smug when he danced with his father's parents while he glared at the back of their heads.

All that considered, Peter was considerably shocked when his father walked up to him and held a hand out. "May I have this dance?"

oOo

Tony was quite saddened at how little his son needed him. Or the rest of them. Tony held Pepper's hand as she sniffled softly, also sadly aware of how their son felt.

Bruce had walked Peter down the isle, tearing up as they got closer to the alter. Bruce was the one who gave Peter's hand to Wade. It was Bruce. *Not him*

Peter's ballet instructor, Natasha, had kissed Peter on the head after the ceremony. Pepper had noticed this with heaviness in her heart. She was the one who reassured Peter that he was doing the right thing by getting married. *Not her.*

Ned had called Peter his brother from another mother. Harley felt his fists ball when he heard this. He felt more angry when Ned looked him in the eye and smirked, as if to say, it's not yours anymore. Harley sighed and deflated his wrists. What was the point of getting upset over something that was true. *And entirely his fault?*

MJ has referred to Peter as her baby brother in her speech. She had talked about beating up his bullies in school, and chasing away potential suitors. Peter had laughed softly when he heard this. Morgan grit her teeth at the thought that she wasn't the one who did those things. Morgan was saddened by the thought of not looking after her brother the way he should've been looked after. *It was all on her.*

Tony decided that he needed to see his boy, even if only for a moment. He waited until Peter went to grab a drink when he approached him. "May I have this dance?"

Peter stared at him for a long moment. Then he sighed. "What the hell? Sure thing, man."

A slow song started playing in the background. Peter put his arms around Tony's shoulder, and Tony put his arms on Peter's waist. "It was a nice ceremony." Tony tried.

Peter wasn't having any of that. "Why are you here?"

Tony winced. "I wanted to see my son's wedding."

Peter sighed tiredly. "I've said it many times before, and I'll probably say it many times after: you're not my father. You may have impregnated your wife with me, but you didn't have any part in raising me." Peter took a deep breath, right as the chorus started playing.

*Cause I am walking the tightrope
I am walking it for you
I am living on high hopes
Now they're, now they're crashing through
So I hold my breath
And close my eyes
I grab my heart when I realize
I am walking the tightrope for you*

"This song is fairly accurate," Peter murmured after he heard that. "I've always felt like I was walking a tightrope in front of you guys." Peter smiled. "Now I'm free."

Peter stepped on his toes to kiss Tony on the cheek. "Don't wait up for me."

Tony stared at Peter's retreating back as the party raged on around him.

Chapter End Notes

I did research, and the King's Chapel is a real church that supports gay people, so pls don't bash me on that

Also idk how the spacing between the lines is going to be. I typed part of this on a chromebook and part of it on a phone, so I'm not sure if something will be messed up. If it is, apologies.

The first song is Paint the Town Green by The Script

The second is Tightrope by The Score

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

The beginning of the end, as I like to put it.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry this took so long. I've been struggling with a bit of writer's block, but I think that I have an idea of what's going to happen.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It had been three months since Peter's wedding, and Pepper and Tony were at a complete loss at what to do. On one hand, they wanted to try and build up a relationship with him, like they should've done years ago. On the other hand, said son wanted nothing to do with them, and had every right to feel that way.

"Where did we go wrong?" Pepper murmured once after breakfast. "How did we not notice how we treated him?"

Neither Tony, Harley or Morgan could think of a response.

They realized that they wanted an answer to that question, and many others concerning their youngest son and brother. Bruce had moved out of the tower, and Tony began suspecting the only reason he lived there was to look after Peter.

Tony wasn't sure whether to feel hurt or grateful. But then again, he wasn't sure he had the right to feel hurt.

Pepper came up with an idea that would enable them to at least give another attempt at building a relationship with Peter, and find out where they went wrong when it came to him. "Family therapy," she had announced, in all her glory.

The Starks agreed that family therapy was a good idea. The only problem was that they needed Peter to show up, too.

All four of them hopped in a car, determined to convince him, or at the very least guilt him, to come.

oOo

Peter and Wade had their honeymoon in Goa, India. It had been beautiful, and so worth the \$2,000 they put into it.

Peter still couldn't believe that he and Wade made it. They had their obstacles, setbacks and challenges, and they'd persevered through it all and they had made it. About six weeks after they came back, Peter had started getting nausea every morning. They had gone to a doctor, and turns

out Peter had a rare condition that allowed him to get pregnant. That was a huge, but by no means unwelcome, surprise.

Peter had thought that he had finally escaped from those people he was forced to refer to as family. Turns out that they were as stubborn as he was.

Peter and Wade were both relaxing on their couch. Some old sitcom was playing on their TV. They both were pretty shocked when the doorbell rang. Peter and Wade exchanged a look, before they both got up to answer the door. Wade grit his teeth when he saw who it was. Peter sighed and squeezed the bridge of his nose to ward off the headache that would inevitably appear when talking to his family.

"I thought I said to not wait up for me," Peter said, not bothering to look at them.

No one said anything for a good five minutes. "Okay," Wade muttered. "This has gone on for enough time. You guys need to get out before I call the police and say you're trespassing on private property."

"No, wait," Tony said, pushing the door before it could slam in his face. "We just need to ask Peter something."

Wade opened the door a little more, curiosity battling with his rage. "Alone," Pepper added when Wade made no move to leave.

Wade smirked and held up his ring. "I'm part of the family too."

Tony sighed, before turning to Peter, who'd yet to say a word. "We've enrolled in family therapy."

Peter looked at him blankly. "Congratulations," he said. "Did you want my approval?"

"No," Pepper said. "We wanted you to come too."

"I've already done my therapy. I'm as fine as I'll get emotionally. I don't need to go."

"Peter please," Morgan said. Peter started. He nearly forgot that she and Harley were there. "We need to know what's wrong with us, and I think you need to be there for us to do that."

Peter didn't answer. He was resigned, deep down. He knew that he wouldn't be able to resist the emotional blackmail that would be dished out if he refused. "You have my number," Peter said as he began closing the door. "Send me the details."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry that was so short. Next chapter will be longer and better, I promise.

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

First therapy session, where Peter airs out some doubts he's had his entire life.

Chapter Notes

I have said this before, and I will say it again, I have no idea what people do at therapy and where they go with it, and what they talk about. I'm just telling you what I envisioned happening there. Still, if you need help, you should get it, regardless of how your therapist takes it.

Peter sighed wearily as he pushed open the door to the therapist's office. At least his parents chose a therapist he was already familiar with. Dr. Smith knew everything about him, emotionally, so he knew that she would at least try not to be biased.

Wade had insisted on being there, but Peter told him he needed to do this by himself. He needed to, if anything, make peace with his childhood.

"Hey, Peter," Dr. Smith said as he walked in. All other four members of his biological family were there. They smiled at him, but Peter simply averted his gaze.

"Good to see you, Dr. Smith," Peter muttered, glancing at his shoes. He had just come from ballet practice, so he was still in his pointe shoes. They went in extreme contrast with the stilettos that his mother and sister wore, and the leather dress shoes his father and brother wore. He was also wearing a sweatshirt and jeans, whereas his family were all in suits of some type. Peter was far from caring, however.

"Alright," he said, flopping on the seat farthest from his family. "I have danced for about eight hours straight, I am exhausted, and I have to eat for two, so Harley," he said, looking at his brother. "If you're not going to eat the chocolate bar in your pocket, then give it to me."

Harley looked shocked. "How'd you know I had this?"

"Pregnancy has given me the nose of a bloodhound," Peter said, smirking. At Harley's slightly disgusted look, he rolled his eyes. "It was melting, and I'm not blind."

"Wait, so you're..." Pepper asked, trying not to sound too disbelieving.

"Yup," Peter said, popping the p. "I'm pregnant, preggers, bun in the oven... I don't know any other ways to say it."

"Neither do I," Tony muttered. "Congrats, Peter."

"Thanks. I'd tell Wade to invite you to the baby shower he thinks I don't know about, but I don't want you there, so..."

"Peter, we're all friends here," Dr. Smith said, flicking him slightly.

"Hey, I'm pregnant, you can't hurt me," Peter pouted.

"Ain't gonna stop me, Bambi," Dr. Smith muttered under her breath. Peter snorted.

"I'm sorry," Pepper said. "Have you two met?"

"I was his therapist for the past year," Dr. Smith said, grabbing her notebook. "I'm the reason he's not dead right now."

"Ugh, don't pull the guilt bullshit on me again," Peter groaned when his family all looked down guiltily. "Let's just get this trainwreck on the rails."

"Alright, so for your first session, I'm just going to have all of you ask each other questions. They can be about anything, from recipes to more serious matters." Dr. Smith started. "I want you all to be comfortable in being honest with each other, because I'm not going to be able to help you if you're not honest with me and the other participants."

"I'll start," Peter said, turning to Tony and Pepper. "Am I your son?"

"What kind of question is that?" Tony asked.

"Like, am I a product of cheating or something? Because the way you two treated me is like how one would treat the illegitimate child that their spouse wasn't supposed to have. I've been wondering this ever since I figured out the concept of cheating"

No one answered, because they realized that Peter was right. "No," Pepper said, trying to keep her voice from quivering. "You are our biological son."

"Oh, well that's just sad," Peter said, unwrapping Harley's chocolate bar and taking a bite out of it. "What?" he asked through the mouthful of Hersheys. "I'm eating for two here."

"Alright, my turn," Tony said, turning to Peter. "Why didn't you tell us about your dance performances past the age of ten?"

"Are you for real?" Peter asked incredulously. "Aren't you supposed to be smart? It's 'cause you never showed up, and my heart was broken after every night. I wanted to save myself the heartbreak."

It was completely silent in the room, save for the sounds of the wrapper crinkling. "Is no one going to say anything?" Peter asked nobody in particular. "Alright, this is just a general question: do you mind me taking my shoes off? Because pointe shoes are really uncomfortable to wear for long periods of time."

"Go ahead, Peter," Dr. Smith said. Peter kicked his shoes off.

"I have a question," Harley said. "How do you wear those things when you dance?"

"I have a really high pain tolerance," Peter said, smirking to himself. "All ballerinas and ballerinos do. I danced for eight hours straight before this. I haven't eaten lunch, man."

"Can I buy you lunch after this?" Morgan tried.

"Smooth, Sis," Peter said. "But I'm eating with my husband, so no. On a totally unrelated note, I think you'll be really good at asking a boy or a girl out. I don't know your sexual orientation," he said at

Morgan's shocked look.

"Neither do I," Morgan mumbled.

"Well, if you need help, you go into the desk of my old room, and you'll find a bunch of pamphlets in the second drawer that might help you out. You may have to dig a little; I didn't want you guys to find them."

"Thanks," Morgan looked shocked.

"I may not like you, but I know an identity crisis when I see one, and trust me, they're not pleasant."

oOo

"So," Wade said as he pulled out lasagna from the oven. It was Peter's favorite. "How bad was it?"

"Well, I found out that I am, in fact, the son of both of them," Peter said. "So that was interesting. I also found out that Morgan is going through an identity crisis, which was more interesting."

"Damn," Wade sighed, wrapping his arms around Peter's waist and kissing his cheek.

"I know, right?" Peter said back.

"I hope the baby's ears aren't developed enough to hear your family," Wade muttered under his breath, moving his hands to rest on Peter's stomach.

"No, they would've started kicking angrily if he or she could hear," Peter joked.

"Honestly, I think I'll still go to these damn things. I mean, what's the worst that can happen?" Peter said.

And he was honest with that. What was the worst that could happen?

Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Therapy exercise number 2

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long, I was suffering serious writing block, but I am back and I have a somewhat clear idea of what I'm going to do. Thanks for sticking around

"Alright," Dr. Smith said as the Starks settled in for their session. Today, everyone was wearing more casual clothing. Tony and Harley were wearing band sweatshirts, and Morgan and Pepper were in casual sundresses. Peter was wearing a baggy Ideal Misfits shirt and jeans. It felt slightly more personal. Peter wasn't sure how to feel about that. "Today, we're going to do a simple exercise. We're going to go around and say one thing we like about everyone. We'll start with Tony."

Pepper smiled at her husband. "I like your resilience."

Harley looked vaguely uncomfortable. "I like your creations."

Morgan smiled. "I like your lab."

Peter was genuinely not sure what to say. It was truly sad, but Peter didn't know his father well enough to say something that he liked about him. He settled for something that wouldn't make him sound like too much of a jerk. "I like your sweatshirt."

Dr. Smith looked at him. "Is there a reason that your reason was a lot more impersonal than the rest?"

Peter looked down. He didn't want to look anyone in the eye while saying this. "I don't know him well enough to think of a personal reason as to why I like him. Same goes for everyone else in this room."

"Peter..." Pepper tried, but got cut off by Peter shooting her an annoyed look.

"Oh, spare me the guilt bullshit," Peter said, pressing the bridge of his nose to ward off any potential headaches.

"Peter, calm down, we're all friends here," Dr. Smith said, once again trying to play mediator.

"Yeah, yeah," Peter muttered, dialing it back a couple of notches.

"Peter," Tony said hesitantly. "Do you really not know us intimately?"

Peter stared at him incredulously. "You didn't know when my birthday was. You have no right to

go down this road. And," Peter added, starting to glare at him. "Apparently you weren't even aware of the blatant neglect that you've shown to me for my entire life."

"We didn't realize it, to be honest," Pepper murmured.

Peter looked like he might get upset, before sighing wearily. "You know what, it's not even worth it anymore."

"What's not worth it, Peter?" Dr. Smith asked smoothly.

"Getting upset at these people. They don't know what do wrong, and are hell bent on making my issues about them."

"Peter this is about you, too," Tony said.

"You asked me to come to therapy so *you* could get better. I would've been perfectly happy if you just left me alone, but you're the people who keep coming back, despite me specifically asking you not to."

"Peter, we need to get better . . ."

"And I need to be there for you to do that? I'm glad to hear you want to be better, but I don't think that you really understand exactly what you need to improve upon. I've let you all steamroll me for my entire life. I'm done."

Peter got up and walked out.

No one tried to follow.

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

Just a short epilogue

Chapter Notes

I feel like this is kind of abrupt, but I've done what I need to do with this story. Peter is in a steady relationship, happy and away from the people who treated him like crap.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"It's been so long since our last concert," MJ said, curling her hair expertly.

"I know, right?" Harry agreed, wrapping his arms around her waist. "Can't believe we're this popular."

"Guys!" Betty yelled, Shuri trailing behind her. "You will not believe the crowd outside."

"Yeah, it's like AC/DC out there," Shuri added.

"I can't believe we're the new AC/DC!" Wade said, walking in with Peter and Bruce chatting behind him, Bruce holding little Ben Wilson-Stark.

"Thanks so much for watching him, Bruce," Peter said.

"No worries, Peter," Bruce said, smiling at his nephew fondly. "Me and my favorite boy here are going to have a blast!"

Peter pouted. "I thought I was your favorite boy."

Bruce laughed softly before hugging Peter. "Break a leg!" He and Ben walked out.

"Alright, we have 10 minutes before we get on. Is everyone ready?" Peter asked, running his hands through his hair. He smiled at the sight of everyone's matching *Ideal Misfits* shirt. They had forgone the normal concert attire to instead give off a more casual, united vibe.

"Hell, yeah!" everyone yelled.

"Alrighty, then! LET'S DO THIS!!" Peter yelled excitedly, grinning as they all made their way onstage.

"Hello, Dallas!" Peter yelled, unable to stop his smile at the roar the crowd yelled back.

"Who's ready to rock?" MJ yelled from beside him. The crowd roared some more.

They had spent a long time putting together the order of their songs. It started with *Paint the Town*

Green, and ended with *Thank You*.

Peter and MJ turned around exchanged grins with everyone in the band. "Let's do this!" Ned yelled, banging his drumsticks together.

As the concert went on, Peter caught sight of four people in the background, all of them devastatingly familiar. It was his family.

Peter hadn't spoken to them since the failed attempt on family therapy. The only contact he'd had was them shipping he and Wade a huge box full of baby supplies, with a note of how they didn't need them anymore. Wade had wanted to throw it out, but Peter kept it, deciding to take the olive branch they were attempting to extend.

He noticed with a start that Morgan was holding hands with another girl. Good. Peter was glad she figured out who she was. When he locked eyes with them, he offered them a smile. They returned one.

Without any regrets, Peter turned back to return to the show.

Chapter End Notes

Can't believe I made it here. Thank you all so much for sticking around and reading this, I really hope that this ending doesn't disappoint! Check out my other stories, too. I'm writing an Umbrella Academy AU that isn't half bad, if I do say so myself. But check it out and let me know if it sucks. Thanks for reading, and sticking around :)

End Notes

Sorry it's so brief. The chapters will get longer as the story progresses. There will be drama, and I will explain what the incident referred to, though all the hints are there and you should be able to guess. Thank you for reading.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!